The
THOREAU SOCIETY
BULLETIN

W D Sutton
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BULLETIN FORTY SUMMER, 1952

THOREAU'S HUCKLEBERRY PARTY by Willard Thorp

(Editor's note: This paper was read at the 1952 annual meeting of the Thoreau Society in Concord.)

That there is a flourishing Thoreau Society is proof sufficient, I am sure, that Henry Thoreau's greatness is at last acknowledged. But we all know how slowly the consciousness of his greatness has grown. It is comforting to realize that many who were close to Thoreau in his own lifetime were doubtful whether their friend was a genius or as Lowell maliciously said--a thinker who discovered nothing but thought everything a discovery of his own. We will admit that Thoreau did not help them much, for he often "bristled" with his friends as well as in the presence of those whom he disliked.

I am inclined to think that the friend who came closest to appreciating the Thoreau we know was Hawthorne. The entry in Hawthorne's Notebook, under the date of September 1, 1842, is a wonderfully precise picture of Thoreau when he was twenty-five. Yet even here we see that Hawthorne was not a little puzzled to find a young man with an excellent mind slightly pig-headed about this nature business.

> Mr. Thorow dined with us yesterday. He is a singular character--a young man with much of wild original nature still remaining in him; and so far as he is sophisticated, it is in a way and method of his own.... He was educated, I believe, at Cambridge, and formerly kept school in this town; but for two or three years back, he has repudiated all regular modes of getting a living, and seems inclined to lead a sort of Indian life among civilized men. . . . He has been for sometime an inmate of Mr. Emerson's family; and, in requital, he labors in the garden, and performs such other offices as may suit him--being entertained by Mr. Emerson for the sake of what true manhood there is in him. Mr. Thorow is a keen and delicate observer of nature--a genuine observer, which I suspect, is almost as rare a character as even an original poet; and Nature, in return for his love, seems to adopt him as her especial child, and shows him secrets which few others are allowed to witness. . . .
>
> After dinner (at which we cut the first watermelon and musk melon that our garden had ripened) Mr. Thorow and I walked up the bank of the river; and, at a certain point, he shouted for his boat. Forthwith, a young man paddled it across the river, and Mr. Thorow and I voyaged further up the stream, which soon became more beautiful than any picture, with its dark and quiet sheet of water, half shaded, half sunny, between high and wooded banks.... Mr. Thorow managed the boat so perfectly, either with two paddles or with one, that it seemed instinct with his own will, and to require no physical effort to guide it.... Nevertheless, being in want of money, the poor fellow was desirous of selling the boat, of which he is so fit a pilot, and which was built by his own hands; so I agreed to give him his price (only seven dollars) and accordingly became possessor of the Musketaquid. I wish I could acquire the aquatic skill of its original owner at as reasonable a rate.

Again and again in his Notebooks Hawthorne quotes what "Mr. Thorow" said on this and that occasion--all of Thoreau's friends used to do that, even Emerson. There is a fine passage, for example, six months after the one I just read. Thoreau is going to Staten Island and Hawthorne is sorry to have him leave. Yet it will do him good, he adds "morally and intellectually [he] seems not to have found exactly the guiding clue; and in all these respects, he may be benefitted by his removal;--also, it is one step towards a circumstantial position in the world."

Let us ponder that sentence a moment. Now there is nothing in Thoreau's Journals at the time to show that he thought he had lost the guiding clue. He was already--we plainly see--on the straight and undeviating course he pursued all his mature life. Nor was he at all eager for this "circumstantial position" in the world which Hawthorne thought he should be seeking.

These sentences from Hawthorne are typical. All of Henry's friends knew what he ought to do and what would be best for him. They thought they understood him. They listened, but they seldom heard him out to the end.

Most people thought of him of course as a lesser edition of Emerson. He was therefore expected to do what Emerson was doing: get his ideas in order and utter them in lectures, essays, and books. He ought, like Emerson, to become a force. This notion, that he was a second Emerson, was probably first expressed by Thoreau's sister Helen who said spontaneously when an idea of Emerson's was quoted: "My brother Henry has a passage in his diary containing the same things that Mr. Emerson has said." The incident was reported to Emerson, who, flattered to find his double, asked Thoreau to call on him. Their intimacy began, then, while Henry was still an undergraduate at Harvard. During the rest of Thoreau's life they saw each other almost daily, except when one of them was absent from Concord.

Emerson persisted in seeing in Thoreau a double of himself. He was, to be sure, generous in recognizing how firmly Thoreau lived by many of the Emersonian principles, but if Emerson could not see the differences--which I think are more impressive than the similarities between the two--how could others recognize them? In July, 1852, Emerson wrote in his Journal:

> Thoreau gives me, in flesh and blood and pertinacious Saxon belief, my own ethics. He is far more real, and daily practically obeying them, than I.

After Thoreau's death he noted, in June, 1863:

> In reading Henry Thoreau's journal, I am very sensible of the vigour of his constitution. That oaken strength which I noted whenever he walked, or worked, or surveyed woodlots, the same unhesitating hand with which a field-laborer accosts a piece of work, which I should shun as a waste of strength, Henry shows in his literary task. He has muscle, and ventures on and performs feats which I am forced to decline. In reading him, I find the same thought, the same spirit that is in me, but he takes a step beyond, and illustrates by excellent images that which I should have conveyed in a sleepy generality. 'Tis as if I went into a gymnasium, and saw youths leap, climb, and swing with a force unapproachable,--though their feats are only continuations of my initial grapplings and jumps.

It is very human to be annoyed on occasion when you find a person who, you suppose, agrees with you in every particular, acting stubbornly and unlike yourself. Emerson was often annoyed with Henry. He knew what Henry ought to be doing and Henry just wouldn't do it. Emerson's irritation comes out strongest in another famous passage (June, 1851) from which I have taken the title for this address: "Thoreau wants a little ambition in his mixture. Fault of this, instead of being the head of American engineers, he is captain of a huckleberry party."

Emerson was evidently well pleased with this succinct summing-up of Thoreau's principal weakness. He expands it when he writes the admirable biographical sketch for the posthumous Excursions of Thoreau (1863). "I so much regret the loss of his rare powers of action, that I cannot help counting it a fault in him that he had no ambition. Wanting this, instead of engineering for all America, he was the captain of a huckleberry party. Pounding beans is good to the end of pounding empires one of these days; but, if at the end of years, it is still only beans!"

If Emerson forces us, then, to think of Thoreau's life as an irresponsible huckleberry party, we can best do justice to his memory by trying to discover what went on at this perpetual huckleberry party which Emerson did not understand or appreciate. In what fundamental ways did these two friends differ, in spite of the almost universal belief that one was the shadow of the other? If we can separate Thoreau from Emerson for a while, we may glimpse some of the delights and rewards of that wayward huckleberry party.

We should mention the similarities first--the superficial similarities which have bemused so many biographers and critics.

1. Religion derived from the inner light, without need of scriptural revelation or sacraments, since conscience reveals Truth.

2. Recourse to nature for sustaining power and guidance. Neither man could have lived pent up in cities.

3. Self-reliance. Both were compelled time and again to stand out against the traditions and conventions of the world because their consciences so directed them.

Now these would seem to be fundamental similarities. I insist that what makes them really superficial similarities is the way, in each instance, these convictions originated and the use to which they were put.

Let us begin with religion.

Emerson, we know, was an idealist who verged towards pantheism. A nature mystic, he knew God most easily through the medium of the natural world of which he was a part. In Nature he states his faith in these terms.

> We learn that the highest is present to the soul of man; that the dread universal essence, which is not wisdom, or love, or beauty, or power, but all in one, and each entirely, is that for which all things exist, and that by which they are; that spirit creates; that behind nature, throughout nature, spirit is present; one and not compound, it does not act upon us from without, that is, in space and time, but spiritually, or through ourselves: therefore, that spirit, that is, the Supreme Being, does not build up nature around us, but puts forth new branches and leaves through the pores of the old.

So Emerson. To Thoreau this would have been comprehensible, but not creedal. For all that Nature was to him, it did not lead him, step by step, into the presence of God. He was the kind of mystic who knows God at once, through contemplation, the religious mystic whose communion with spirit is immediate. Any one of many passages from his Journals make that plain at once. Let us look at one written in June, 1851.

> To be calm, to be serene! There is the calmness of the lake when there is not a breath of wind; there is the calmness of a stagnant ditch. So is it with us. Sometimes we are clarified and calmed healthily, as we never were before in our lives, not by an opiate, but by some unconscious obedience to the all-just laws, so that we become like a still lake of purest crystal and without an effort our depths are revealed to ourselves. All the world goes by us and is reflected in our deeps. Such clarity! obtained by such pure means! by simple living, by honesty of purpose. We live and rejoice. I awoke into a music which no one about me heard. Whom shall I thank for it? The luxury of wisdom! the luxury of virtue! Are there any intemperate in these things? I feel my Maker blessing me. To the sane man the world is a musical instrument. The very touch affords an exquisite pleasure.

We can see the directness and power of Thoreau's mysticism in a fine poem--his best, I think--called "Inspiration."

> If with light head erect I sing,
> Though all the Muses lend their force,
> From my poor love of anything,
> The verse is weak and shallow as its source.
>
> But if with bended neck I grope,
> Listening behind me for my wit,
> With faith superior to hope,
> More anxious to keep back than forward it,
>
> Making my soul accomplice there
> Unto the flame my heart hathlit,
> Then will the verse forever wear;
> Time cannot bend the line which God hath writ.
>
> Always the general show of things
> Floats in review before my mind,
> And such true love and reverence brings,
> That sometimes I forget that I am blind.
>
> But now there comes, unsought, unseen,
> Some clear, divine electuary,
> And I, who had but sensual been,
> Grow sensible,--and as God is, wary.
>
> I hearing get, who had but ears,
> And sight, who had but eyes before;
> I moments live, who lived but years,
> And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore.
>
> I hear beyond the range of sound,
> I see beyond the range of sight,
> New earths and skies and seas around,
> And in my day the sun doth pale his light.
>
> A clear and ancient harmony
> Pierces my soul through all its din,
> As through its utmost melody,--
> Farther behind than they,--farther within.
>
> More swift its bolt than lightning is,
> Its voice than thunder is more loud;
> It doth expand my privacies
> To all, and leaves me single in the crowd.
>
> It speaks with such authority,
> With so serene and lofty tone,
> That idle Time runs gadding by,
> And leaves me with Eternity alone.

We must look at another brief passage in the Journals in order to perceive how far, how very far from Emerson's nature mysticism Thoreau was. This entry is dated January 24, 1841. "It is more proper for a spiritual fact to have suggested an analogous natural one, than for the natural fact to have preceded the spiritual in our minds." This is almost never the Emersonian way--for whom Nature was one of the apexes of the triangle of God-Nature-Man. For Emerson Nature leads one to Spirit. For Thoreau the spiritual moment may be enlarged to include Nature as well as Self and God.

If Nature is seldom to Thoreau Spirit made manifest, as it was to Emerson, what is it? Let us first look at some differences from Emerson. In his Chapter on "Discipline" in his essay on Nature, Emerson rhapsodizes on the wonder of the laws of Nature. "How calmly and genially the mind apprehends one after another the laws of physics! What noble emotions dilate the mortal as he enters into the councils of the creation, and feels by knowledge the privilege to Be!" I cannot find that Henry David Thoreau ever dilated with noble emotions at the thought of the beauty of the laws of physics. Nor did Thoreau share one of the Transcendentalist beliefs, that only by toiling with Nature can man come to know her. When we come right down to it--and here is one of the numerous paradoxes of Thoreau--he liked Nature chiefly because she was human.

Expressed in its simplest form, he puts his feeling thus. "Every larger tree which I knew and admired is being gradually culled out and carried to mill. I see one or two more large oaks in E. Hubbard's woods lying high on stumps, waiting for snow to be removed. I miss them as surely and with the same feeling that I do the old inhabitants out of the village street." In two other epigrammatic passages he puts it more philosophically: "Man is all in all, Nature nothing, but as she draws him out and reflects him"; and, "Nature must be viewed humanly to be viewed at all; that is, her scenes must be associated with humane affections, such as are associated with one's native place, for instance. She is most significant to a lover. A lover of Nature is preeminently a lover of man. If I have no friend, what is Nature to me? She ceases to be morally significant."

In such passages we may understand why Thoreau probably appeals to our generation more than Emerson does. Like Thoreau we seek the Nature which has happy associations for us. In this hurried, urban life of ours, we still possess a hunger for his humanized Nature. The more marvelous parts of Thoreau's books and journals are those in which he sees Nature in this way. They are delightful beyond any of his other writings: the serenity and joy of the night sounds in A Week; or the account of his pursuit of his father's pig who went on a toot through Concord streets one day; his observation of the family kitten, or the mud-turtle fishing, or the heifer who had on her side "the map of Asia plain to see," or the account of the fall of the giant pine, or the turtle laying her eggs and hiding them in the ground, or his conversations with a woodchuck--"I respect him as one of the natives. . . . I think I might learn some wisdom of him. His ancestors have lived here longer than mine. He is more thoroughly acclimated and naturalized than I."

The proof that in this power of projecting man into nature lies Thoreau's magic as a writer can be seen by its absence in the later pages of his Journals. In his last years he grew somewhat despondent and bitter about mankind. His delight in Nature correspondingly dried up and his descriptions

of his walks and of th ngs seen are dull and factual.

This leads one to observe that Thoreau's feeling for Nature was pagan, like that of the Greek poets. What does this mean? To the Greeks, as to all peoples whose civilization lies nearer the primitive life than ours, the world of Nature was animated by deities whose traits were human. In Thoreau's words, they were rich because they could use nature as the raw material of images and myths and symbols with which to describe life. As with them each sound came to him out of a greater thoughtfulness in nature, as if nature had acquired some character and mind. How unlike Emerson's depersonalized nature!

In a superb passage written in January, 1853 this pagan feeling is most exquisitely put. I choose it because of its beauty, but it is typical of many.

> Silence alone is worthy to be heard. Silence is of various depthsand fertility, like soil. Now it is a mere Sahara, where men perish of hunger and thirst, now a fertile bottom, or prairie, of the West. As I leave the village, drawing nearer to the woods, I listen from time to time to hear the hounds of Silence baying the Moon,--to know if they are on the track of any game. If there's no Diana in the night, what is it worth? I hark the goddess Diana. The silence rings; it is musical and thrills me. A night in which the silence was audible. I hear the unspeakable.

Emerson was quite aware of Thoreau's paganism and it dismayed him. A four-line entry in his Journals suggests that occasionally it robbed him of his own kind of nature worship, as if a saint of the early Christian church had suddenly found himself waking up with a bad hangover in the Temple of Pan without exactly knowing how he got there. He writes in August, 1848, "Henry Thoreau is like the wood-god who solicits the wandering poet and draws him into antres vast and desarts idle, and bereaves him of his memory, and leaves him naked, plaiting vines and with twigs in his hand. . . "

In sum, Nature was to Thoreau a catalyst--precipitating his love of God and his love of man.

Thoreau's kind of self-reliance--to what end did he adopt and practice self-reliance?

What Henry's puzzled friends in Concord failed to see is the most important fact that his life betrays. Thoreau was bent on living, on experiencing life--not in knowing theoretically how to live (as the philosopher does) or in telling others how to live (the preacher's way) or rearranging human institutions so they might live better (the reformer's aim). Now this wish, "I want to live before I die," which we hear often enough and have sometimes uttered ourselves may be just a romantic desire to escape from one's self or from obligations or from the duty of thought, or it may be a worldly desire to live the way we see the successful or wealthy or admired live. With Thoreau it was the deep passion of his life. It accounts for the stubbornness and obstinacy which his friends met and reasoned with in him. It is the most fascinating thing to watch in his public and private writings. When we find out how he sought "to live" we can relate his actions to this center and we shall find him, as his friends often did not, a wonderfully consistent and integrated person.

What is it to live--Thoreau's kind of living?

In the first place, to live one must turn one's back on the busy profit-taking, labor-exploiting New England of the day. The life of trade is so complex and possessive that one who engages in it has all real life choked out of him. "As for the complex ways of living, I love them not, however much I practice them."

Conversely, then, Thoreau loved the simple way, and for this reason:

> By poverty, i.e. simplicity of life and fewness of incidents, I am solidified and crystallized, as a vapor or liquid by cold. It is a singular concentration of strength and energy and flavor... My diffuse and vaporous life becomes as the frost leaves and spiculae radiant as gems on the weeds and stubble in a winter morning. You think that I am impoverishing myself by withdrawing from men, but in my solitude I have woven for myself a silken web or chrysalis, and, nymph-like, shall ere long burst forth a more perfect creature, fitted for a higher society. By simplicity, commonly called poverty, my life is concentrated and so becomes organized, or a kosmos, which before was inorganic and lumpish.

The deliberately sought experience at Walden Pond was a special effort towards this simplification of existence. "My purpose in going to Walden Pond was not to live cheaply nor to live dearly there, but to transact some private business with the fewest obstacles; to be hindered from accomplishing which for want of a little common-sense, a little enterprise and business talent, appeared not so sad as foolish." He merely extended down into and concentrated harder there on what was his daily concern: "to turn the surplus life of the soul into life for the body--so that life be not a failure." This--characteristically with Thoreau--is a paradoxical way of putting it. In simpler language he means this: One must regulate one's physical existence--getting and spending--by the demands of the soul's life. One must not compel the soul to eke out a bare existence on what the body leaves it. For Thoreau the soul's life asked for leisure and quiet and solitude for contemplation and nearness to nature and friendship and books and time for creating--writing, that is--and, above all, freedom. For you and for me the soul's life might be something quite different: the affection of one's family, the opportunity for doing something for those whose lives have been ruined by poverty or war. Thoreau went to Walden Pond because he could, for the comparatively brief time he was there, give his soul more life than in any other way. Our Walden Pond might not be within walking distance from our native village. It could be in a distant city or a foriegn country. It is what we would do there, the way we would live that would make it a Walden Pond. The sole requirement is that the cost to the soul's life should be as low as possible.

The first principle of Thoreau's economics is then that the cost of anything should really be determined by the amount of the soul's life which has been required to produce it. How much time does it take from the real life--the soul's life?

Thoreau's political ideas, concisely set forth in his Resistance to Civil Government, are derived directly from his insistence on knowing the real value of anything, judged by the quantity of the soul's life it absorbs.

Government-value should be judged in just the same way as economic value. If government assists me in my endeavor to "live," I will support it. If it interferes with the soul's life, I will ignore it and try to nullify it. Conscience is above government and law. Thoreau denies that he has made any compact with his fellow-men. He had not agreed to abide by the rule of the majority, any more than he had agreed to work as many days in the year as the majority of men did.

Here is the way he puts the matter in June, 1854.

> The effect of a good government is to make life more valuable,--of a bad government, to make it less valuable. We can afford that railroad and all merely material stock should depreciate, for that only compels us to live more simply and economically; but suppose the value of life itself should be depreciated. Every man in New England capable of the sentiment of patriotism must have lived the last three weeks with the sense of having suffered a vast, indefinite loss .... For my part, my old and worthiest pursuits have lost I cannot say how much of their attraction, and I feel that my investment in life here is worth many per cent less since Massachusetts last deliberately and forcibly restored an innocent man, Anthony Burns, to slavery. . .
>
> I am surprised to see men going about their business as if nothing had happened, and say to myself, "Unfortunates! they have not heard the news"; that the man whom I just met on horseback should be so earnest to overtake his newly bought cows running away,--since all property is insecure, and if they do not run away again, they may be taken away from him when he gets them. Fool! does he not know that his seed-corn is worth less this year,--that all beneficent harvests fail as he approaches the empire of hell? No prudent man will build a stone house under these circumstances, or engage in any peaceful enterprise which it requires a long time to accomplish.

There is no point in saying to Thoreau--as many who read him for the first time to--"What would happen to our society if everyone behaved this way--refused to pay his poll tax and refused to go to war and broke the law by harboring fugitive slaves and spoke eloquently in defence of law-breakers like John Brown?" His answer would be: "I care not for the world. I have my own business--living--to attend to and I shall discard what I have to and assume what I have to in order to live." And his final and unassailable answer would be: "If you and other men were doing the

same thing we should not need so much government."

The story about Emerson's going to Concord jail to pay Henry's poll tax and get him released is apocryphal. But it is a true story all the same--true as a symbol of the great difference between the two men. You remember how the story goes, that Emerson, deeply shocked and grieved, said to Henry:

"Henry, why are you here?" and the answer came from Henry inside:

"Waldo, why are you not here?"

Emerson felt, at times, as some of the passages I read earlier this hour prove, that Thoreau lived the Emersonian way while Emerson preached it before he saw just where, if believed in, it would lead men: that it might fill the world with Thoreaus.

If that happy day should ever come, we should have no need for engineers, certainly not for atomic engineers, and we could all go huckleberrying in Thoreau's party.

THE 1952 ANNUAL MEETING

The 1952 annual meeting of the Thoreau Society was called to order at 10:30 a.m., July 12, in the vestry of the First Parish Church in Concord, Mass., by the president, Raymond Adams. The secretary's report (See Bulletin 36) and the treasurer's report (Given below) were read and accepted. Since no additional nominations had been made, all those officers whose terms expired with the meeting were duly considered reelected. These are Raymond Adams, president; Mrs. Caleb Wheeler, clerk and vice-president; Walter Harding, secretary-treasurer, all for terms of one year; and Wallace B. Conant and Edwin Way Teale, members of the executive committee for three years. The president announced the appointment of the following to a committee to persuade some foundation to underwrite the microfilming of all known Thoreau manuscripts and depositing these microfilms in a central library: Frederick T. McGrill, Howard Zahniser, and the officers of the society. A motion was passed expressing the appreciation of the society to Anton Kamp for donating to each member the Sturges portait of Thoreau and to R. Malcolm Sills for offering to all interested members his little brochure of excerpts from WALDEN. The meeting was adjourned at 11 o'clock and we proceeded to the program of the day.

The morning program consisted of papers read by Miss Edyth Walker, Prof. Willard Thorp, and the presidential address. Miss Patricia Mahoney played two of Thoreau's favorite songs on the flute, accompanied by Anton Kovar at the piano. Mr. Kovar also sketched briefly the background of Thoreau's interest in these songs.

A luncheon was served at the nearby Congregational Church and the afternoon meeting was convened at Thoreau Farm, the home of our vice-president, on Virginia Road. A recording of Charles Ives' "Concord Sonata" was played with comments by the secretary. Mrs. Caleb Wheeler told the history of Thoreau's birthplace. And the president introduced a number of the people present at the meeting.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Cash on hand, June 15, 1951	$340.72
Annual meeting (1951)	90.00
Printing	94.71
Postage	126.77
Miscellaneous	76.60
Total Expenditure	388.08
Income	422.98
Cash on hand, July 3, 1952	375.62

A MID-WINTER MEETING OF THE THOREAU SOCIETY

It was suggested at the annual meeting that a mid-winter meeting of the society be held in conjunction with the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association, this year to be held in Boston just after Christmas. The meeting would be devoted primarily to making plans for a celebration of the centennial of WALDEN in 1954. The secretary is proceeding with arrangements for such a meeting and would appreciate hearing from all who are interested in attending or have suggestions to offer.

INFORMATION, PLEASE . . .

HM 924, in the Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif., includes the first draft of Thoreau's WALDEN. About 38 leaves are missing. Since I have discovered two leaves in other groups of Thoreau manuscript material, some of the missing leaves may be recognized--especially among the pieces of Thoreau autograph manuscript which were mounted and bound in before the frontispiece of Vol. 1 in each set of the Manuscript Edition of THE WRITINGS OF THOREAU.

I would be grateful if anyone who discovers one or more of these leaves would let me know. The leaves may be identified by the following points: Light blue paper, faintly lined, approx. 9 7/8 x 7 7/8 inches, penciled margin on recto of some leaves; stationer's mark (a rose on stem with leaves and bud) on some leaves; ink is brownish; two sets of numbers: one (very faint) in upper right corner of recto of many leaves; the other, heavier, in the left hand margin, often on both recto and verso. J. Lyndon Shanley, Northwestern Univ., Evanston, Ill.

ADDITIONS TO THE THOREAU BIBLIOGRAPHY . . . . WH

Adams, R.P. "Romanticism and the American Renaissance." AMERICAN LITERATURE, XXIII (Jan. 1952), 419-432. Emphasis on Carlyle's influence on T.

Cameron, Kenneth Walter. "Emerson, Thoreau, and the Society of Natural History." AMER. LIT., XXIV (March, 1952), 21-30. A summary of the relations of E. and T. with the Boston society and a checklist of the books which T. withdrew from the society library. An extremely important source article for the student.

CONCORD ENTERPRISE. "Thoreau Club Meeting Here On Saturday." July 10, 1952. On annual meeting.

Derleth, August. "Homage to Thoreau." in RENDEZVOUS IN A LANDSCAPE. New York: Fine Editions, 1952. pp. 3-14. 5 free verse poems interpreting Thoreau's philosophy.

Himelick, Raymond. "Thoreau and Samuel Daniel." AMER. LIT., XXIV (May, 1952), 177-185. A study of T's use of quotations from the Elizabethan poet, demonstrating that he used his sources for inspiration rather than interpretation in context.

Heywood, Terence. "Henry David Thoreau." APPALACHIA XXIX (June, 1952), 59. A sonnet.

Krutch, Joseph Wood. "GBS Enters Heaven (?)" SAT. REV.LIT. May 24, 1952. A delightful imaginary interview between GBS and HDT in the after-world.

Lapin, Adam. "On the 135th Anniversary of Henry Thoreau." THE WORKER (New York). July 27, 1952. p.7. A Communist tribute to Thoreau!!! "His meaning for today is to be found in his realization that he, the most non-political of human beings, had to engage in political struggle if he were not to betray himself and his love of life and nature."

Moiles, Bill. "Our Man Thoreau Views Some Cats." WORCESTER TELEGRAM. June 27, 1952. Excerpts from T's JOURNALS on his cat Min, with comments.

Nichols, Charles H. Jr. "Thoreau on the Citizen and His Government." PHYLON, XIII (1952), 19-24.

Thoreau, H.D. JOURNALS. Reviews: WASHINGTON POST, June 17, 1951. (London) TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT. April 18, 1952. pp. 257-8. This latter is an extended essay on Thoreau.

_____. WALDEN (Danish edition). INFORMATION ONSDAG. Nov. 23, 1949. p.4. A review.

Wilder, Thornton. "The American Loneliness" ATLANTIC MONTHLY, CXC (August, 1952), 65-69. A most provocative essay on T. as the epitome of the American sense of loneliness.

I am indebted to the following for information used in this bulletin: F.Allen, E.Allison, T. Bailey, C.Bode, W.Conant, F.Dedmond, J.Haynes, G.Hendrick, R.Herlov, G.Hill, A.Kovar, N.Lehrman, F.Moore, E. Perry, G.Roberts, H.Scobie, A.Shedd, A.Wesley, G. Wright, and H.Zahniser. Because of lack of space a number of items were omitted from this issue, but will be included in later bulletins.

The Thoreau Society Inc. is an informal organization of several hundred students and followers of the life and works of Henry David Thoreau. Membership is open to anyone interested. Fees are one dollar a year; life membership, twenty-five dollars. A price list of back publications may be obtained from the secretary. All material, unless otherwise assigned, is compiled or written by the secretary.

The officers of the society are Raymond Adams, Chapel Hill, N.C., president; Mrs. Caleb Wheeler, Concord, Mass., vice-president; and secretary-treasurer:

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